Four hands

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/14033937.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Domestic Fluff, Fluff and Smut, Post-Fall (Hannibal)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 9 of Tomorrow was our Golden Age.
Stats:	Published: 2018-03-20 Words: 505 Chapters: 1/1

Four hands

by Zigzagwanderer

Summary

Just a little thing I thought of last night, I'm pretty sure it's not a very original concept, I'm afraid!!! Comes after the Love Is A Journey, Not A Destination series, after Hannibal and Will have been reunited on their little Baltic island.

Observation. Deduction. Intuition.

It must not be forgotten that Will Graham is an intelligent man.
It still takes him a week to work it out.

For they have been so wounded. And now their wounds are healing shut. And they are in love, so they are opening up to one another; their bodies are opening, and closing, and they are inside one another, all the time, at all times of day, at all times of the night. They are healing one another, and all else is slowly being shut out, maybe for the time being, maybe forever.

They need nothing else, in those first few days of being in the same place, at the same time. Their world is Vakkrehejm, their country is a little white house, their plot of land a bed.

And so Hannibal must fetch clean sheets every morning.

Once, while Hannibal is doing just that, Will scratches his stubbled head, his stubbled jaw, as he usually does. He stretches, rubbing. He pushes his heels and his knuckles against the dark brown cotton. The sun is just up; it ploughs across the rippling blue fields beyond their boundaries and shows up Will's furrowing in the soft, earthy nap he lies upon. Lines of orange fence the loamy blanket. His bright arms slide out to encompass their domain, where he and Hannibal have lived a lifetime in just last night, and today his skin is bronze and amber where it catches the beams and the shadows of the rucked up, tawny bedding. He buries his hands beneath the velvety clay of it all, and suddenly, he *sees* Hannibal's design.

Will sits up. It has taken him a *week* to work it out.

He gets up and goes down the corridor. The room where they keep such domestic things as towels and pillow-cases is rigorously ordered. Hannibal is standing in just pyjama bottoms, hands on hips, contemplating the neatly folded stacks of linens within an enormous armoire. There are many stacks, in many, many different colours.

Will thinks; Jesus. Those goddamn shoulders.

But then he wanders up behind Hannibal. Lets his breath fall on Hannibal's skin. Hannibal is completely still, caught out, again, by a very intelligent man. He has been a while getting the replacement sheets out of the cupboard. But then, he always does take a while. He did wonder when Will would notice.

Will puts one arm around Hannibal's waist and stands next to him, curling in. Autumn is cold. Hannibal is not.
With the other arm, Will reaches forward and taps at a bale of pure garnet; it is the damson hue of old wine, and dried blood.

It must not be forgotten that Hannibal Lecter is an artistic man.
His beloved, deathly tableaux are denied him; maybe for the time being, maybe forever.
But instead, he has something better. He has Will.

So Will indulges him, and kisses him, and says, “What d’you think? Shall we go see what I look like up against this pretty shade of purple?”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!